

ed to love," I saw at once that Mrs. St. Aubyn was secretly and seriously unhappy. There was a listlessness and air of weariness about her, which in one so young could scarcely be the result of mere *ennui*; surrounded too, as she was, by senses to which she was unaccustomed, and where she met with every thing that is generally attractive to the youthful mind. I could only refer her unhappiness to one cause, and that as it proved the true one. She had given her hand without her heart, for that heart was not hers to give.

I know not what induced Colonel St. Aubyn to have his lady portrayed as Sappho, for she was guiltless of the slightest tendency to *blueism*, and was, moreover, remarkably deficient in musical taste. She laboured under the misfortune of "having no ear," as it is generally called; and melodious as her own voice was in speaking, she had never been able to frame it into the simplest air. And yet when she was so pictured, with the lyre in her hand, her loose tresses bound with bays, and the absent but impassioned expression of eye, which had become almost habitual to her, every one owned that a more perfect impersonation of the unhappy Lesbian could not be imagined. She was interested and pleased with the picture herself. To me it was mournfully like a shadowing forth of what I suspected to be her history. Soon after the completion of this memorable portrait, the Colonel and his bride left England, and ten years elapsed before I saw them again. They had taken up their residence at Woodfield Park, and being unblest with children, adopted as their own a little boy, the orphan child of a brother officer of the Colonel's. They paid me the compliment not only of remembering me, but inviting me to stay with them whilst I executed a likeness of this child, on whom they both doted. I was most kindly received by them, especially by the Colonel, who, having grown stout and bald, while his fine features had lost nothing of their dignity, appeared, on the whole, as good a specimen of an elderly British officer as one could desire to see. But the contrast between his wife and himself appeared far greater than it had done

when I first knew them. Her complexion was perhaps less brilliant than it had been ten years before, her figure was even slighter, and a close observer might have noticed a few lines in her snowy forehead. But her hair still fell in careless ringlets on her neck—her eye had the same subdued, yet earnest expression—her voice the same plaintive cadence; I could not bring myself to believe that she was a day older than she was when I had last seen her.

When I had arrived at Woodfield Park, I found that another visitor was expected, and on this coming guests' perfections the Colonel did nothing but expatiate from morning to night. He was "a dear fellow," "a brave boy," "the noblest of God's creatures," in short, his dear godson, Major Charles Willersley. "You knew him in his boyhood, I think, Agnes," the Colonel would say, addressing his lady, "but you could not know then—I did not know then—what a glorious creature Charles Willersley would prove—so brave and fearless, yet so steady and self possessed—so unflinching from danger, yet so tenderly alive to the sufferings of others, I never can tell you half his worth. I was grieved that when we met him for those few days in Malta, he could not manage to return with us. Of course, love, I don't expect you to remember much about him, for you know he left England before we were married, but if you could know him as well as I do, I am sure you would esteem him as much. I was absent from this dear girl for some months while we were in India," continued the Colonel turning to me, "and during a long and severe illness, Charles Willersley was my nurse, doctor, comforter—every thing. He gave up all his leisure time to me, foregoing gaieties of every sort to sit with a peevish sick man. I wonder he never has married, he might pick the country now if he chose, and how pleasant it would be if he would settle near us! But I always suspect poor Charles had some sort of disappointment in his early youth, though I never could get at the truth of the matter. I found it was a sore subject, so I soon ceased teasing him. There's your sister Agnes, (though to be sure she is rather to old for him now,) but